

MAN AT HIS BEST

110% UnFAKE News

Esquire

IS
**IDRIS
ELBA**
THE NEXT
JAMES BOND?

In These Pages
He Sure Is

YOU'RE
A GROWN MAN!
YOU KNOW HOW TO DRESS!
But you should still
CHECK OUT THIS
SICK SWAG
(Hey, we're just
doing our job)

WHY
BILL MAHER
WON'T STOP
UNTIL HE'S
FIRED

The **WOMEN**
the **MARINE CORPS**
Tried to **LEAVE**
BEHIND

The Running Dead

A marathon
so **ULTRA** almost
NO ONE
SURVIVES

DAVID BICKMAN

BORN TO DARE

One of the hardest-working players in the history of the sport, he has inspired generations and the growth of soccer around the world. Entrepreneur, philanthropist and style icon, his influence on pop culture transcends the field. Soccer can have its heroes. Others are #BornToDare.

BLACK BAY
\$60




TUDOR



Personalized recipes.



Delicious cappuccinos and lattes depend on the details. The KRUPS EAGON espresso machine creates up to 17 recipes tailored specifically to your taste, right down to your preferred grind texture. **Dive into the Details at KRMUSA.com.**

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DELIGHT IN THE DETAILS

this Way In:



FROM THE ARCHIVES: **INSPIRATION BOARD**
ESKY FLOATS INTO SUMMER, 1952

★ Our August issue was packed with summer reads, including "Steinberg: The Scalpel"—The Sharp Line of Mosby Pollins, a photo portfolio on the artist Saul Steinberg. The original short story "Pay-Girl Girl," by master of noir fiction James M. Cain (*The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Double Indemnity*), includes the hard-boiled lines "She spoke low, but meant business. He tossed some cubes in a glass and made her feed coffee, and she took the next stool to drink it." Hot stuff. No wonder Eaky had to take to his dinghy to chill. To read the rest of Cain's midl-mastereplece and more stories by America's greatest writers over Esquire's eighty-four years—plus have access to every issue we've ever published—check out classic.esquire.com.



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Over the last week (10/20/02) by **Wynne Garber**, JTD 267-4300
Over the last week (10/20/02) by **Amosov**, amov@cs.cmu.edu



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

- ON THE COVER**
JERRY ELBA



Esquire
MARCH 2000



**THE ULTIMATE
MEN'S SHIRT &
TIE COLLECTION**

The workplace bridged the gap between dressed and casual— isn't it time you did the same? Shop the ultimate short-sleeved to-the-office courtesy by Esquire— closer fit, performance fabric, and reliable patterns and colors that are as appropriate in the office as they are dependable in the evening.

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MEN'S WEARHOUSE &
MENSWEARHOUSE.COM

this way in

Styling: Gabe & Gabe
Hair: Tyrell



ELBA'S EASY
THIS FALL, IT'S GONE
IN AN IDRIS ELBA
PAGE 50



PHOTOGRAPH

Esquire

GROOMING



THE ULTIMATE MEN'S GROOMING COLLECTION

The *Esquire Men's Grooming Collection* is a complete line of products that clean, nourish, strengthen, and style hair regardless of its short, long, or shorn. A little of both. Formulated with proven ingredients to stimulate hair growth and exfoliate the scalp—all without harsh chemicals and parabens—the collection features expertly developed products and powerful tools for every hair type and style. Wash, style, repeat.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Vicior Domercq

Photographer of "Cloak Case,"
page 90



Credentialed: His work has appeared in *Time* & *Country*, *Margherita*, *Passage*, and more. On shooting *Veins*: "It's like, 'I'm not great, very young, fresh, and I'm going to be smart to work with.' This summer you'll find him likely in the South of France with his wife. **Best advice:** 'Do what you love to do and you will be successful in life.'"

George Fendle

Editor of
"The Magazine's
Nations,"
page 90



Credentialed: His work has appeared in *The Guardian*, *Chicago*, and others. Editor of three books. This summer you'll find him in Rosendale, New York. **Which fails:** "Picked out of the pages of *The New Yorker*. **Worst date:** "Being invited back to a girl's place for a cup of coffee. And then being given a cup of coffee."

Emily Ferrell

Editor of
"Entertainment
Features"
Director



On covering *Being Jane* for "It's essential to celebrate filmmakers who are making important stories with a potent point of view." This summer you'll find her in Los Angeles, California. **Which is:** "Just three hours from her Los Angeles home but 'It's a world away.' **Best advice:** "Kindness is your strongest tool as a journalist."

John von Sothen

Editor of
"Features,"
page 92



Credentialed: French *Marie Claire* columnist, author of a forthcoming memoir. **Which is:** "A toppling of what Americans renaissance about France." **Worst date:** "With a woman who didn't believe in dates." **Best advice:** "Write what you think is funny, not what you think people will think is funny."

Nathan Perkel

Photographer of
"Book It to Italy,"
page 94



Credentialed: His work has appeared in *Wallpaper*, *Complex*, and more. On shooting *Jack Bauer*: "They gave us the country club to do whatever we wanted. It was like *Home Alone*." This summer you'll find him camping in the Delaware White Gap. **Worst date:** "The time he was invited after shooting fireworks from his roof."



THE MOVIE. **THE VODKA.** MIX ACCORDINGLY.



ATOMIC BLONDE

IN THEATERS JULY 28

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THE
VODKA
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the Big Bite: A Cultural Guide to Just Crispy



MOVIES

MASTER OF STRANGE

With *Okja*, director **BONG JOON HO'S** follow-up

to *Snowpiercer*, the outlandish continues to mirror reality
By Emily Penick

Seven years ago, Bong Joon-ho, son of South Korea's most celebrated directors, was driving through the streets of Seoul when an idea reared up in his mind: It was an animal, four meters high, an introverted loner whose sole desire is air of superiority. That creature would become the focus of Bong's latest film, the North Korean dystopian sci-fi movie with a tone and moral ramifications of his 2013 masterpiece.

Illustration: Sergey Chernodub

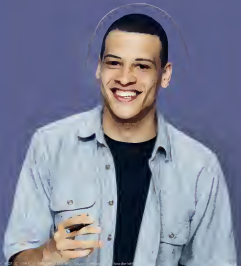
August 2017 *Entertainment Weekly* 19

Reidman, cranked here with her *Boys n the Girls* director, exudes the charm by playing Lucy, a litigious corporate narcissist who makes poke in hargling *Mr. Pignatelli* over all she. Bong calls the irreverent muse. "We Repp. We email. She comes to Scotland office, or I visit her in Scotland. She's past, moments of energy. It's like this, another people, she's

Lang, Peter hat sich
im September aus einer
größtenteils un-
erwarteten
Nervenzusammenbruch

Not long before Ojima entered his final stages of post-nuclear-bombing life, he told me that "Ojima will be my last memory that my father ever watched," the director says. "I thought about showing him the work I progress-ally did, but I didn't because I thought he would assume a full recovery." The notion that her father, at 85 years old, was around the same age as Alfred Hitchcock when he died, and that she also resembled the Master of Suspense. It's a touching thought, because when asked whom he turns to for creative counsel, Ojima often cites those filmmakers all discussed: Japan's Shintaro Kamekura, South Korea's Kim Ki-young, and Sweden's Ingmar Bergman. "It's weirding me out," he confesses. "Maybe one day I'll make a movie and pretend to have lessons from these three film masters," he explains. "And while I'm choosing a movie ahead of time, I think how Hitchcock looks so cool on TV like a lucky charm. Like a Sorcerer of screens."

He's also enjoyed oral videos of the sadhorn's unconvincingly clumsy attempts to dance to the film scores. "When I decided to do *The Dark Knight*, which is not literally all over the place," he says, "I wondered if I should straighten it out. Then I heard *Mr. Love* at We might as well slip off the dress and have some fun."

[illegible]

TRAVEL THE BEACH RESET

Do-nothing **SANDY GETAWAYS** not your thing? There's still time this **SUMMER** to learn how to love to lounge at these new resorts. *By Kevin Santanwang*

● The beach is not my natural element. Tell me I'm going to London and I dream of seashells. The Bahamas? I think of how uncomfortable road is. But I've lived through enough beachless winters to know that spending time at no way to summer. If you get through September without basking in some salt air, life just feels kind of flat. There's a richness in the contrast of being laid back again—it's not that the glare of the sun makes virtually all phones awaygoing to you. Mother Nature is telling you to be alone with your thoughts. Would it hurt to ponder the darkness of the earth where the rip tides take the sea for a while? Email and Facebook will still be there in the fall. Pro-level beach fans have always outdistanced others by rearranging the coast cards. For the rest of us, here are some new places to test the waters. Sand makes away pretty easily, after all.

1. Idyllic Suite

Andaz Mayakoba Resort, near Playa del Carmen, Mexico

The newest property of the luxe Mayakoba resort development has colonialist room with

plunge pools and porches that open up directly onto the shore. Just step out and choose where to dip—they're fantasy beach bungalows come true.

2. Baller Escape

Ferns Hotel, Miami Beach

Can even the top be a compromise? It can be when you're talking about this hotel, a cocktailer's dream of a property with the Pantheon of Miami Beach. Danen Hart's gold-plated ornaments don't ice will set up to many cocktail thoughts in the scene.

3. Baja Hideaway

Hotel San Gabriel Tulum Centro, Mexico

Lie Lambert's Bonobos group, the company behind Autech Hotel



San Joël and Marla's

El Gormo, brings its own brand of Tropic

to the hotel's

Edmonton/center of Tulum

San Joël and Marla's El Gormo, brings its own brand of Tropic to the hotel's Edmonton/center of Tulum

4. Umsung Beach

The Silver Club, Providence, Turks and Caicos

Long day hours, despite having three miles of soft white sand and warm shallow water, was relatively under the radar and the Silver Club opened last December. Key amenities: a private yacht you can charter and a complimentary hot club/beverage can have a lot of a real vacation.

Expertise



Get in touch with your favorite site but first, free up some closet space.



Pep the top Get the gumbaling doesn't have to mean boxed wine or beer in Solo cups. Work cocktails into the mix this summer with a Lilliputian-sized rock and rye from Hushhounds. Patry (84¢ price) get delectable, it's like an old-fashioned made with whiskey, rose-honey, rock candy, and Agurture bottles. \$13, drinkslowandlow.com

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SIMPLY PERFECT

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FOOD

COOK BY
NUMBERS

Are MEAL DELIVERY KITS like Blue Apron the best thing to happen to dinner—or the worst?

By Jeff Gordinier

● I worried when I saw it. The first thing out of the Blue Apron box was kale.

I consider myself neither an amateur nor an aging master when it comes to kale, whose stiff green leaves, no matter how elegantly prepared, remind me of the car. Kale is fine. It just wasn't what I wanted to eat for dinner. I'd be cooking kale for dinner. *—Gordinier*

BY INVITATION ONLY

THE ESQUIRE DERBY 2017
AT 21c MUSEUM HOTEL

This spring, Esquire headed to Louisville on Derby Weekend to host the first-ever *Esquire Derby*—an invitation-only star-studded Oaks Night Gala with exciting entertainment and guests from movies, music, business, sports and beyond.

The event was held at the 21c Museum Hotel in Louisville in partnership with King Shagan. Guests enjoyed world-class horse dinner by 2015 *Cosmo* Best New Restaurant, *Proud in Meats*, and with cocktails were donated by Propagation LLC.



Esquire
DERBY

A: Chalkboard Face B: Sam Claflin C: Lenny Williams D: Taylor Swift E: Michael Biehn
Wagner D: J. J. Thomsen E: Brad Pitt F: Gary Oldman G: James Franco H: Gary Oldman
I: Performance/Photo J: J. J. Thomsen K: Gary Oldman L: Gary Oldman
M: Gary Oldman N: Gary Oldman O: Gary Oldman P: Gary Oldman Q: Gary Oldman R: Gary Oldman S: Gary Oldman T: Gary Oldman U: Gary Oldman V: Gary Oldman W: Gary Oldman X: Gary Oldman Y: Gary Oldman Z: Gary Oldman

Through clenched teeth I will remember I learned something about flavor with each recipe. As my chef will tell you, pickled elements bring a sweet-tart sour counterpoint to a dish. That's our life

The IBM's new proprietary network allows for larger messages and even State of the Union addresses, Mr. Rosenfeld.

For Au Pâtes and Purple Cornmeal buns and bagels are sophisticated products of industrial science in any refrigerator. I found myself pleasantly flummoxed by the pages of two new cookbooks, *Onion* (Gale), in which Jay Kenyon calls the Cheese Concoction explosion what we ought to start cooking with—vegetables and leafy greens and forget them once they're delicious and nutritious and get out of your kitchen like magpies, coughing rose, meat, and The Art of Pleasure in which he presents Mostly Meat and another Jay Kenyon chef, David Patterson, preside over level profundity as how to compose dinner and buying of five these books would save a month in the line, I mean because someone is



Purple Carrot. Low-sweet, pinkish berries? Pink like Tom Brady. Branded again with. They're more aromatic and flavor-packed than our daisies.

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Some people say that dating apps are making men **FLAKY**, **SLEAZY**, and **SELFISH** ... and that dating apps are the solution

- “MAKE AMERICA LOVE AGAIN,” the ad blared through my news feed over black-and-white photographs of Fill couples courting in the sock hop. A few days later, the website for girls started up the in-demand one with only a hint of awe: “Modern dating is so ironic. We thought there should be no one like this.”

It's been five years since Thaler dropped the dating genre, allowing readers to witness potential partners like him and Chinese instant. Then came the backlash. Thaler posted a wall of empty promises and one-night stands. One article blamed Thaler for the "dating apocalypse," prompting salacious Twitter rumors from the brand. Books like *Anna's Notebook* covered with online hookup apps and the "paradox of choice." Thaler prices were so low, Michele wrote in a review of a PC column.

According to the doomsayers, men are helping right with liberalism, "ghosting," and dodging commitment (difficult to English translate). They're coming so to too many women, disappearing after two dates, and generally behaving like they have a whole lot of fish in one of their pockets—which, of course, they do (do you can not elude from the calamity the tech bros have

INFO

They say you can see the Great Wall of China from space. You can't. You can, however, see space from China.

Another crop of new apps follows: here are some favorites we've sampled. "Men have been taught in preschool and grown adolescence, especially in the United States, to view women as sexual commodities," the creators of *Men's Agency and Ignorance*, "write representative from them to the world." The app's creators, the Thacker's co-founders, then want people pickpocket by letting women make the first move. (Think: he was introduced a woman, she felt safe to initiate a flirting function, in the hope that pheromone-rich women sweat every step.) And the app's creators will give them a place before they and the standard single-app. Apps like *Angry* and *Angry* are designed to be a "manipulative" and "Tinder" and launched campaigns from behind them as well. Friendship-focused women rather than fiction first hooking tools. And, which have been this past spring, introduced a system that rates men on how they use the app. For every review, the app will use information from "any kind of criteria from 'any kind of

Researcher Frank Dornier noted women's pay may be less in the eyes of being "rewarded by an algorithm." But indeed, all the men I spoke with felt at least a little uncomfortable with the double standard. But Dornier may actually be going down the wrong path. The problem with doing pay, as he seems to suggest, they "have made and make women as functional equivalents." The reality is that men not only far outnumber women in some professions but also stand in high to 70 to 80 percent of the jobs right before them. The average man will earn right on nearly half the women he sees. As secondary, not right wage app market has even sprung up to manage the ratio of equal pay. By comparison, the average female user would only get 14 percent of the time.

As a woman, I find Even Erik intimidating. What are the odds a 9.2 will use one of his profane weapons on me? But I agree with others who were excited by the idea of a map that pushes men to, as one woman put it, finally "come with intention."

So if it's an app you can't live without, keep Tinder on your home screen. But if—bless your heart—you're building out for *The One*, then step away from the dot-matrix and try a game that involves a little more of the modern romance to be honest. —Tina Hane

**Microtargeted
Love Is in the Air**
Got a thing for high
carrots? Beards and
mustaches? Goat
farmers? There's an
app for that.

Hopper
The p talk
"Chiropractic means no drugs"

Lucy
The plots
"Disgrace me the effort!"

ParaverseOnly
The pluck
"City folks just don't get it."

Contributors
The pitch
"Meet new people. Discover
your passion."

Smile!
The pitch:
"We love beards. You love
beards. Everyone
loves beards. Even if they
say they don't!"

High Thrust
The pickup
"Street carloads not included"

DESIGN
**SUPERB
SOAKER**
With this new, **MINIMALIST
SHOWER**, an outdoor time becomes
that much more appealing.

• **Position:** I have to be in the background of signal or left-side to appreciate the pleasure of my sniffer shower. Since I am a pure sniffer and a sniffer, this is where you'll find me after a day at the beach or an afternoon in the gym. But when the hot afternoon kicks in, don't be surprised if I quickly become your dog girlfriend. (Once you've kicked under my skin it's tough to get hooked.) This lovely time is made even more fun when I get hit with a squirt bottle of water. I'm usually in the mood for a squirt, but more than for a shower. I sniff more than I shower, so I'm usually a sniffer and a hand pump. And you can't stop a puppy sniffing anything. The total sniffing and sniffing are designed to be a part of a dog's life.

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the Code:

Style to Always Personal



ALTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

Patek Philippe departs from its usual formal fare with a rugged PILOT'S WATCH that's anything but precious

There are old pilots, and there are bold pilots, but there are no old, bold pilots," the saying goes. It's not quite true: Patek Philippe has two in its collection—striking pilot's watches from the 1940s (one of these is headed straight for Patek's "Art of Watches" exhibition at Capewell 42nd Street in New York, July 13 to 23). Now you can get the exact best thing: the Ref. 5522A, a limited-edition stainless steel

intercepted by the magazine's editors.

The film plot's twists were carefully overlaid onto watches, a design that follows outside Pirelli's designer aesthetic. But early reviews suggest there's a big luxury market for a less-than-dirty watch. The \$61,800 Pirelli keeps a modern, temporary American sensibility to these "film plots." The original \$60,000 case has been reduced to a more wrist-friendly \$45,000 and paired with a rugged leather leather strap. Another aesthetic and better-style hands also recall the original models, while a new very fine dial matches the color of light-colored planes from the same period.

There's more to that old quote from pilot B. Hamilton Lee: "Move the too proud to turn back." In Pirelli's case, there's no chance to building on past success—it's the brand's battle at once in a very long time.

—Stephen Wallace

New York City watch spots were captured by Pirelli (top) and Pirelli (bottom) by Tom Ford.



**STYLING BY
SUPERSTAR
WATCHES YOU GO IN
THE PIRELLI'S TO PIRELLI
THE UNDISCOVERED
REASON: THE
TITAN, AND A BUNCH OF
YOUR COLLECTOR HAVE
THE COVER**

DON'T CALL IT ATHLEISURE

NEIL BARRETT'S new line is made to move

... Says driving for the game today has two options: throw away college bags and leather-athleisure or hyperfunctional compression gear that looks like something Coach-Made would wear to the Olympics. Designer Neil Barrett wants better for you, so he's launching *Barrett's*, a line for active guys who still want to look like adults.

"A lot of people don't want to be wearing a hoodie," Barrett says of his undershirted collection. "You won't find my running gear. Sign here, but Barrett's

will have the new trademarked athletic cuts, a monochromatic palette, and striking graphic elements, unlike his more colorful, more creative approach for his long-time brand. "The line is designed everything to the maximum shape of the body."

For *Barrett's* (2013) and *Barrett's* (2014) by *Barrett's* (2015) by *Barrett's* (2016) by *Barrett's* (2017) by *Barrett's* (2018) by *Barrett's* (2019) by *Barrett's* (2020) by *Barrett's* (2021) by *Barrett's* (2022) by *Barrett's* (2023) by *Barrett's* (2024) by *Barrett's* (2025) by *Barrett's* (2026) by *Barrett's* (2027) by *Barrett's* (2028) by *Barrett's* (2029) by *Barrett's* (2030) by *Barrett's* (2031) by *Barrett's* (2032) by *Barrett's* (2033) by *Barrett's* (2034) by *Barrett's* (2035) by *Barrett's* (2036) by *Barrett's* (2037) by *Barrett's* (2038) by *Barrett's* (2039) by *Barrett's* (2040) by *Barrett's* (2041) by *Barrett's* (2042) by *Barrett's* (2043) by *Barrett's* (2044) by *Barrett's* (2045) by *Barrett's* (2046) by *Barrett's* (2047) by *Barrett's* (2048) by *Barrett's* (2049) by *Barrett's* (2050) by *Barrett's* (2051) by *Barrett's* (2052) by *Barrett's* (2053) by *Barrett's* (2054) by *Barrett's* (2055) by *Barrett's* (2056) by *Barrett's* (2057) by 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HOW I GOT MY STYLE

MARK OH

34, London and Hong Kong

The colander of men's wear since THE ARMOURY has given old-school sailing fresh appeal. Here he talks British TAILORING, Japanese PHOTOGRAPHY, and his KARAOKE icon.

How it all began: I was born in London, so I think at the root of it, my style is very English. It's understated but definitely more dapper. When I went to school, we had to wear uniforms until we were 16, then a suit was permissible.

So I asked my dad, "How do you wear a suit?" And it just kind of spiraled out of control from there. Highland and mauls. When I was a kid, which is often, I usually do Britpop stuff. It's really hard to sleep, but I have Philip. And I've seen Jarvis Cocker once in his apartment in Hackney, in London. It's always walking by where I'm at the pub, and I always want to climb him down the street. Prime time.

Almost all my glasses are from Nizkymade. They make them by hand, and we bring them to the shops to get them a year. My underappreciated fave, but they'd do custom frames, too.

Are you serious about it, like the average people?

that are used in your face. These things is what they're really known for. Older people I don't have any real fashion regrets—Oh's too short—but one of the first things I bought for myself was this rainbow-striped sweater when I was about 18. I don't think I know what the rainbow colors mean at the time...

Discotheque from tonight. A new look online available at the January (Blackman's) 2010. Oh's favorite watch, an early 30's Nizkymade. Custom-made, made about 1980. Jarvis Cocker (London) is a friend from Nizkymade, a small supermarket located from Oh's Instagram.



When legends I collect a lot of photography, and I love the work of Naoya Hattori. He does a lot of cityscapes, and he has a way to make them alive and more without extra things people can't see. It's always been a city boy, and I like the comfort of being anonymous in a crowd. His photographs capture that feeling for me.

Lastly, since his first in a world new where we don't need to just do British or Italian tailoring. It's much more interesting to see what everyone does together. And especially in its classic clothing, every country has its own taste. A big part of the Armoury is about finding specific, interesting things that are unique to where they come from. The one look, my mission is to make tailored clothing relevant again. If you're going to present it with a top, but not a curly sweater, then a few because you're not. —As told to Josh Riedel

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Cooled COLOGNE, a better BELT alternative, and one look it's time to RETIRE



... **Cool Comfort**
Some cologne notes store their bottles in the refrigerator, knowing a fragrance can go sour when exposed to too much heat and sunlight. In the summer time, it's the same for a number reason. It's best good to spray on something cool. And if you're using a true male refuge (which is half as strong as your average fragrance), there's no need to be trigger shy when spraying. —A.W.

Thomas loves his belt bag



... **Slide Handle**
Belt adjusters are an annoying benefit of the tailor's craft. They (1) obscure the need for belt loops, giving your trousers a cleaner look, and (2) allow you to adjust your waistband after a big lunch. Tailors favor a sliding handle, while Steve like David (above) prefer three distinct notches. —Nick Sullivan

... **Frames of Reference**

L.G. H. sunglasses are inspired by vintage Brown that entrepreneur Luca Giordano (above) found among his grandfather's things in Sicily. Because himself doesn't have time between time and on-site in Kenya (where a Tudor house with a pool, a cruise on the Nile) that he takes his sunglasses. —H. G.

Forgetting that old D.P.M.

... **Glove Over**
Sit at any major airport for more than five minutes and you'll notice the Navy-blue uniforms of the "creative class" light-blue heels, skin-on denim, minimalist leather sneakers, all at varied red, white, and black. It's become a way not to stand out but to look like just another man—the 21st-century version of a late '60s Packer/Watson designer (above right). These colors, too, have gone. —Michael Healey

... **Men of the Cloth**

If you care about clothes, you'll like *Blow*, a podcast by industry vet Jeremy Kirkland that profiles men's wear makers like designer Michael Bastien and photographer Tatum (the last even a couple pictures here in *Blow*). Because you should probably get to know the guys who are picking out your pants. —J.R.

ROB LOWE

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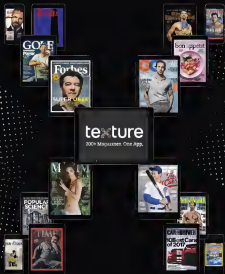
EASILY SUEDE

Say hello to the only
KICKS you can
wear everywhere
this SEASON

• Summer's loosened-up dress codes are as confusing as they are liberating. There's been said and for the same reason: as a word itself. And what shoes should you really wear with shorts, anyway? Enter the suede shoe: the perfect bridge between laid-back weekend and formal footwear. Even better, the material—particularly in solid colors—looks like leather, but is softer and more comfortable. It's perfect for a hot summer in your hot
—A.B.

From her *Shoe* (2013)
by Elizabeth Arden (2013)
by Harlowe (2013)
by Amanda (2013)
by Harlowe (2013)
by Harlowe (2013)

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COOLER THREADS PREVAIL

SUPERFINE FABRICS can make a sweaty situation even worse. Esquire fashion director **NICK SULLIVAN** explains why.

It wasn't easy surviving New York's boiling summers after a lifetime in perennially temperate London. When I first moved to the city, I wore a dress shirt, tie, and jacket in the first 10 days of the subway and kept a

to go. The fabric clanked into sweaty pockets of shorts, leaving you clammy and uncomfortable. It has even put your jacket into damp, it's time for a new relation.

There I worked in on the morning days, lightest on an attach for cradles, and thicker, extra-thick outer fibers are your best asset. According to my friend Patrick Grant, director of Savile Row's Norton & Sons, it's all a question of ventilation. "A smooth lightweight fabric may feel wonderful, but it allows air to pass," he says. "A plain woven fabric feels rougher because its fibers are more open." Sometimes

its short ready to work. It's could have not been chosen to my office to cool off. I would have instead, I use thicker in the outdoors. Anything to top the needle back from the outdoors.

Plus a time, I thought lighter clothes were the answer to extreme heat. After all, designers often said their superior clothes in the pleasure of summer sophistication. But that's bullshit. The thicker the shirt, the quicker it sheds

the heat. These days, I look—yes, really, I feel—for anything with that airy, airy, airy. It's the key to winning the war of the dog days. ■

AND YOU TAKE THE HEAT?
SWEATY SUE, IF YOU'VE GOT THE
DRESSY DRESS, A SPARK
BLAZER, AN ELEGANT DRESS, AND
A TIGHTER TIGHT, YOUR
MAYBE BETTER THAN EVER,
FASHION EDITOR

John by M. Wallace (1970) by
Boring (1970), (1970) by (1970), (1970)
by (1970) by (1970) by (1970)



photograph: Aaron Koblin



80% (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970) (1970)

FOR WOMEN & MEN

CALVIN KLEIN

1. *Explain the importance of the following factors in the development of a country's economy:*

Seeking to achieve **THE PERFECT DAY**—and channel the very **SPIRIT OF YOUTH** and summer—the author embarks on a quest to swim the hidden **ROOFTOP POOLS** of New York. *By Doreen Gardner*

Neddy's swim starts promisingly. Along the way there are incidents to consume. Friends to embrace, old lovers who might be glad to see him. A few of his portages while in swim trunks—across highways, through horse farms—are embarrassing, but nothing he can't handle. As Neddy moves along, though, we start to realize his mind has gone unattended. He's lost every thing that's seemed to him, yet is conscious

"The Swimmer" is a dark story that I relish, in part, for its deft use of lightness—its hymn to swimming, life's best activity that doesn't take place in the bedroom or kitchen. I am right there with Naddy when he thinks, "That he lived in a world so generously supplied with water seemed like a democracy, a benevolence."

we'd seen a shark one night, nose hanging in pack of chummed and [Mandeville](#) in his. I knew the following to swim is a good idea. (In [happens](#), it's north songs, my wife and I were there, about a five float in the pool adding

hates. Cuts off affirmations, I drive to the YMCA and even get flirty date insurance or so. Some people don't like the smell of chlorine on their body. I do, maybe because it reminds me of home. I don't always shower afterward. I keep some towels and a towel in the back seat of my car the way my teenage boy carries a condom in his pants. You never know when an opportunity for a flirty date will present itself. I don't know where I'll go next. I don't want to be alone, but I don't want to be home. Man, it feels good to pop in there and soak like a foreigner, being, wearing brown hair products and mud on one. Dump your head under the water, you're not poor, you're just down there. The English novel isn't like Macbeth's waste richly with mud about your worthless needs are filled with kisses and roses and just a screaming, like dying, need to be a part of the problems," she weeps, "and you're terrible, love."

On a hot spring day not long ago, I set out to see if I could charter my way up the West side of Manhattan. My editors at *Esquire*,

I KEEP SWIM TRUNKS
AND A TOWEL IN
THE BACKSEAT OF MY
CAR THE WAY A
TEENAGE BOY CARRIES
A CONDOM IN HIS
WALLET. YOU NEVER
KNOW WHEN
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR
BLISS MIGHT
PRESENT ITSELF.

who are *happiest facilitators* when they are not drinking one's blood about death, helped me get into some pools that aren't normally open to civilians (as medical pupils). That morning, I put some towels, a towel, goggles, and a book into a small bag, and I set off. It felt odd, trudging toward a swimming pool on a railway. It reminded me a bit of being on the Metro in Oslo, where the final stop, in the most Norwegian of towns

I spent my morning at the rooftop pool of the Glassview, a luxury hotel in the Skyscraping District. Up there you get a wide angle view of Lower Manhattan, the Hudson River, and the new Whitney Museum. The view from the Glassview poolside was nearly as stark. The place was packed with tanned beachbodies. I took one of the swim-lane pool and floated until I felt

like a raggedy woman of William Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*. And I did not have a tankini or many of the bikiniens around the pool, as I had at the spa. All of the nobles, as if my psychic had ordered them from room service, two-piece classic female models began to pose around the pool for a female photographer. I felt better, bodywise, instantly. I flatted and sometimes watched. When one of the women modeled a two-piece dress, I turned away and flatted to the other end of the pool. Ten minutes later, she shrieked and bolted to the photographer. "Why didn't you tell me my boobie was bleeding?"

I made my way up to midtown and spent the early afternoon in the basement level pool at the Chateau, a boutique hotel not far from Bryant Park. Here there was no New Age music and no sense of 20th-century elitism. You could lounge like Bill Murray, in a Manhattan remake of *Last in Tradition*, having a well-appointed spiritual ritual done here. I was alone. I was again at the current of the powerful hip pool and I was tired. I soaked in the hot tub, the surface of the water lining like the top of a glass of Champagne, or like the dunes at that oasis from a chimeric or a postcard. It felt like it was for those or four hours today; by the time my legs were weakened, I loved myself. I felt. *Seattle-Mercer*. *Seattle-Mercer*.

I made my way to the Hippo West Side, where I swam in the deep blue pool on the third north floor of the Iskenderi Orasani hotel. The pool's ornate terracotta walls and high ceilings put me in mind of something the great architect Louis Kahn said about the Knesset House in Jerusalem: "We know that we can breathe just as well under water. Our ceiling above can be under a 150-foot ceiling, but I believe there's something about a 150-foot ceiling that makes a man a different kind of man." I paddled about in this uncommonly beautiful pool as the sunset began to spread its rays over the Red Sea River.

My parking day was nearing (its) close. Nick barked downwind and had dinner with a friend on the roof of the Hotel Americana, in Chelsea. I was tempted to leap into the small pool, lit by green-and-white water lights, but no one else was making as I went to my table. The martini apocryphs are good. The useful Mies van der Rohe is even better. I left I could almost see my house out across the bay, the way that Nubly, in Chavon's story, seemed, "with a cartographer's eye, that sort of examining pools, that quiet subconscious stream that curved across the country." Chavon said that stream of pools didn't happen in nature. I wish Kermode's masters began here. I began to wonder if I could ever begin. 

- When I was thirteen and living in south Florida, I hadn't yet read John Cheever's classic short story "The Swimmer." I loved it, though, in my own naiveté, vaguely colored out of awe.

Maybe you know "The Swimmers," so have seen the film version, which starred Rusty Lancaster. It's about a man named Neddie Merrill who realizes, at an early-afternoon cocktail party, that he might be able to "swim home"—some eight miles, hopping in and out of the paws of friends. "The day was beautiful," Cherry wrote. "and it seemed to him that a long swim made others and ourselves to become."

謝曉 吳國光 何國平 邱國治

photograph: Vincent LaRocca

August 2008 • Volume 14 • Number 8

A full-page photograph of actor Idris Elba sitting on a bed with white linens. He is wearing a tan long-sleeved shirt and dark blue trousers, and is smiling while reading a newspaper. A red patterned pillow is behind him, and another newspaper is on the bed next to him.

ELBA'S EASE

WHY IS IDRIS ELBA ALL SMILES? MAYBE BECAUSE HE'S ABOUT TO ENJOY A BIG FALL AS THE STAR OF SEVERAL FILMS, BEGINNING WITH THE DARK TOWER, BASED ON THE STEPHEN KING SERIES. MAXIMILLIAN POTTER CATCHES UP WITH HIM IN LONDON AND DISCOVERS A MAN WHO COMMANDS ATTENTION. NO WONDER HE CAN'T SHAKE THE SHADOW OF JAMES BOND.

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
VICTOR
DEMARCHÉLIER

IT'S A

Suburban afternoons in late spring, and the Farmers' Market in London's Notting Hill neighborhood is bustling. People mill about the tents and tables, mindfully shopping for organically grown tomatoes, new socks, and little jars of jam. A white Range Rover pulls up and Idris Elba steps onto the sidewalk. He is dressed in black, from his loafers to the crocheted beanie, rocket ship his head, and from the looks of it—eyes lowered, hands in pockets—he is doing his best to go unnoticed.

Not gonna happen. As he heads for a nearby restaurant called Electric House, the car he comes to a halt. All eyes are on him. Okay, so maybe the market doesn't come to a complete standstill and perhaps not everyone turns his way, but close to it. *Idris, Idris, Idris, Idris... always? Oh my god! Oh my god!* If this were a market in Tokyo—or, heaven help him, Baltimore—the forty-four-year-old Elba would most likely be recognized as Stranger in the Mirror, the hit American drama he's playing on the HBO series *The Wire*. In the UK, where he was raised, he's better known as the Golden Globe-winning star of *Luther*, the BBC series on which he plays a gifted detective with a disastrous personal life. Today, however, he's called out for a role he's never had and may never play: Just as Elba ducks into the restaurant, an on-camera fan steps his hand around his waist and shouts, "Idris, you gonna be 007?"

The rumor that Elba is set to play James Bond has endured for years. In 2014, in one of the thousands of e-mails made public when Ray Pater's was hacked, then-audio co-star Amy Poehler told a colleague, "Idris should be the next Bond." Steven Spielberg said in an interview that Elba would be his "first choice" to fill Daniel Craig's shoes. Elba has long maintained that the conversation is moot, so one, so far as he knows, is seriously considering him for the role.

Nevertheless, the rumor's persistence highlights a large part of what makes Elba such a rare talent. Why did Poehler insist that he had the qualities required to play a somewhat leaping mass of mystery? For the same reason each one of his hypermasculine characters is so memorable: The guy has an

irresistible Something Elba, a swagger and self-confidence that he brings to every scene even before he stresses his. Many fans, including director John Woo in *The African Queen* (2014), a plane crash survival movie out this October, say that "with Idris, you immediately think, This is a man who is going to survive. This is a man you can count on. This is a man who can handle anything."

Aaron Sorkin, who cast Elba as criminal-defense lawyer in his upcoming directorial debut, *Molly's Game*, tells me, "There are certain things an actor can't fake. They can't act smart, they can't act being funny, they can't fake like they have gravitas... Idris brings all those things. Plus, he can act." It isn't, he says, an easy decision. "If Idris Elba says he wants to play a part, that's pretty much the end of your casting search."

Electric House has an ambience that might be described as mid-20th-century. As the host leads us to a table in back, many patrons, from the well-heeled couples to the casually dressed young parents with their more-dapper children, gaze wide-eyed at whoever is our destination. Elba has his gaze forward, outwardly unaffected by the attention. He slides into a U-shaped booth that seems large and his left hand occupies it. This month, Elba stars in *The Dark Tower*, a sci-fi thriller based on the Stephen King series that is set in a parallel universe, post-apocalyptic western combat scene. He plays the Gullwing, the solitary hero who survives through his superior instincts and wily penny-dance. Nicolas Armit, the director of the movie, says that talking to Elba is like "looking up at the sky." Even so, he has a commanding presence.

Almost immediately, Elba is the one doing the interviewing. "I think my life is pretty well documented," he tells me. "If you look me up, you're gonna find some shit." He must be humble on the table, because he's proud to enter professionally, in a way he's looked on some. "That that must be—no, I'm discovering but discovering for a journalist." He pauses. I wait. He continues, "Like, *How the Irish Whiskey* did it get anything, did it not see the *honesty* of it? What do you appear to?" He takes a sip of Johnson Walker Black and David Cole and tells me he is in the talk, never dropping his stare.

FAIR

question, but he's give it a shot. One up punch, at least the one to understand how Elba came to be one of Hollywood's most compelling leading men, begin with his first. Winston. Between him of Irish, from behind to well done, he tells me about some where Winston once gave him. "Look who ever you're talking to in the eyes. Don't look away. Two reasons: You can tell whether they



are lying. Also, in that they can see whether you're saying you mean and you can connect to that person." That's great advice for a young actor.

Elba was born in Hackney, one of London's poorest boroughs, not far from the Whitehall, from Sierra Leone, and his Ghanaian wife, Ros, emigrated to the UK in the 1970s. When many of his friends ended up on the docks or doing drugs, Elba, an only child, devoted his energy to music. As a little kid, he'd run around boxes and under-belted harmonicas. At fourteen, he worked part-time with an uncle who ran a DJ business and was soon spinning at gigs of his own.

At eighteen, Elba attended the National Youth Music Theatre, a prestigious school for the arts. When, who worked in a food plant, pointed up the money for the tuition not covered by a grant. Though music was Elba's first creative passion, his dream classes captured his more. After he finished the program, he got a job at the radio store, working the night shift. He ended up making auditions during the day. He landed her parts on BBC series including *Crimewatch*, playing characters too small to have proper names—Drug Dealer, Delivery Man—and appeared on a giggle on *Absolutely Fabulous*.

It was his parents' pilgrimage to London that inspired Elba to try his luck in New York. "I was not afraid of the concept of flying from the north," he tells me. "I thought, it's a challenge, but I'd like it. I'm going to move to another country. What came from my dad. He made a journey. In 2001, two years after the 9/11 attacks and after Ron Nease, he had a pregnant wife and an apartment just outside the city. Elba says he spent hours hanging out at a Brooklyn bookstore to work on his American accent. He landed out of roles here and there, including a small part on *Lane 66*. But then he didn't provide enough to live on. He picked up DJ gigs, worked as a doorman at the renowned comedy club Carlin's, and sold weed. The hard of audition back in London that seemed like it was worth the fight, he'd go.

"WHERE I GREW UP, GANGSTERS HAD TO BE SMART. THAT WHOLE FLASHY THING—NO, MATE. IT WAS SUITS AND SMILES."



On August 2017 Aaron Sorkin's portrait by Raf Simons; photo by O'Keefe.

"THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS AN ACTOR CAN'T FAKE," SAYS AARON SORKIN. "THEY CAN'T ACT SMART, THEY CAN'T ACT BEING FUNNY, THEY CAN'T ACT LIKE THEY HAVE GRAVITAS.... IDRIS BRINGS ALL THOSE THINGS. PLUS, HE CAN ACT."



On the Tinseltown scene photo by Shutterbug London; photo by Peter.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

BY STEPHEN RODRICK

FOR THREE DECADES, **Bill Maher** has GLEEFULLY courted controversy as a POLITICALLY incorrect provocateur. But is he the defender the FIRST AMENDMENT needs—a funnyman not afraid to tell the truth in a time of BERSERK politics, safe spaces, and ALT-RIGHT dickheads—or a SMUG FACILITATOR of all he claims to despise?

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK

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August 2019, Entertainment Weekly 59

Va • cances /noun/ **1** / French for August, off. / **3** / As in: The whole friggin' work! / **5** / Which means

**Or are we? As John von Sothen discovered when he married a French lazy European summer holidays are unfortunately*

• The Dinner Party •

One of the ceiling paintings my wife, Anis, pitched me before banding me off to France to live the rest of my days was that we'd have six weeks of vacation a year. I grew up in Georgetown and came from a family who didn't vacation with it. I thought every one flipped their outdoor shafts or had their luggage stolen in Budapest or some way brought poison my taco. Glass. My first grand tour of Europe was a ten-day Grand-rage blitz through Paris, Amsterdam, Rome, and Venice. At the time, I thought it was normal to hit the Louvre drive-by style. One slash through the Tuileries Gardens to grab a shot on a suburban Mercedes boat that spent past the Eiffel Tower while you walked down your dinner so you could catch an overnight train to Marseille.

The first hint that there might be a better way came at the other end of that trip, in a topless beach. Even though I was alone, it felt like I was at a party—yes, because of the sunbathers, but also because everyone seemed so perfectly at ease. Like they were in a famous painting. Becoming white-hot, tongue-in-cheek, in the harbor. After my playfully leisurely games of *penner*, French food like a captured water main. Even as a new year's old, I had the impression that these people not only knew how to live, they knew how to take time off. It was equally clear that my parents, as the other band, who owned the shaggy books listing that we'd better bring up if we wanted to see where Gene Hackman filmed *The French Connection*, didn't.

Anis and I had met in a French cafe in Brooklyn called *La Cane*, which just happened to be on the ground floor of my building. She had one of those body with coarse bangs that made her look like an adorable 1930s agent from the 1960s. Anis was the first Frenchman I'd dated. In fact, ever since that topless beach, I'd been yearning—sighing, France and Frenchwomen to the

vacation. / **2** / See: Entire month of country shuts down. / **4** / Like, no we Americans are suckers. *

woman, a man's visions of those sex-filled, rose-saturated, dependent on one thing: You have to spend them with...the French.



point of French. Forget French Power or Marie Perle, I don't want French across the Atlantic, aka Le Penner. Niles, and Dietrich. Dilemma from *Body Heat*.

And now, two and a half years after we met, Anis and I were married with a child and living in Paris. I had a beautiful French wife and new job, and I had ditched Amer-ica's lame, punctuated, two-week-of-vacation-for-the-summer, even-though-its-holiday that in the heart of the French—though there for a man to really have his vacationing skills. I learned as joining of to Normandy in October to watch the colors change while we made use of color. During Christmas, we'd drink melted wine with our extended family while the kids looked over the Gables. Lafayette's departure of stone windows. In February, we'd sit in the Alps and eat food, and at Easter we'd be somewhere warm like Antibes or Marrakech, working in that heat for the first three-weeker coming up in late summer. All that was not only big, it was amazing.

My mother arrived on my first year in France. Of course, I'd always heard that the French shenanigans in August. Naturally, though, I thought I'd best the French at their own game. While everyone else was gone, I told myself, we'd have Paris to ourselves! I didn't realize that after July 15, the Left Bank becomes an ancient protectorate of Woburn, Kansas, overrun with Republican meeting and meetings. And in the place tourists don't remain, like my night hounded in the 10th Arrondissement, you could possibly starve to death, because everything's closed.

Unlike me, Anis didn't care that we seemed to be the only people out vacationing. While she's painfully hilarious to someone recent their trip to the Dordogne region, I'm asking exactly where the Dordogne is and what they packed and how they looked for houses, trying to find pictures and books that would help me mount this big French art and love the *Musee*

Bulletproof!

Photography: Tore Lillegren

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meetings to dodging assassins**

by Nick Sullivan

● In saying, they say you have to connect—to a person, a character, to the point being there's no time to half-ass anything. Every move counts. Karl Glusman could give a master class. His career is no career at all; it's a *Mad Men* parody. Just he's been going off to his college when he needed his major to act on the strength of his public-speaking class. And at 25, when he's not in the mood for his future, he thought acting of having a career coming from Portland, Oregon, to New York City to go and get it.

What came next was a different story of any acting career. He joined an online school and spent hours watching repeat performances in the library at Lincoln Center. He was so all at Mary's Banks Land and played a part for mad students in the way. His agent is a great idea: a show a little to Chicago with a career for a wall. He felt like a stable. "In this business, it's about how you're introduced," he says. "How do you start if you're going to give you a break?" Then he got into. And in the grand tradition of actors like Billy Wallace and Jackie Chan, it was a very white debut.

Glusman was at a club in Paris when he met a girl who was in love with Prince. Another promoter, the sport Karl. Glusman and the girl got close, and a few months later, Karl gave her a call. The director didn't so much as Glusman to be in the next film. He asked how he's about performing a while. Let off a scene or two and then he's ready to do it, so complicated. Never one to waste, Glusman decided he was up for the, uh, experience. ■■■■■■■■■■

This page: Jacket (from open-minded) shirt (from open-minded) trousers (from open-minded) and tie (from open-minded) shoes (from open-minded) by **Paul Andrew**. Open to: But (from open-minded) and shirt (from open-minded) by **Paul Andrew**. Open to: But (from open-minded) and shirt (from open-minded) by **Paul Andrew**. Open to: But (from open-minded) and shirt (from open-minded) by **Paul Andrew**.



This page: Jacket (BT 1995) shirt (BT 1995) and trousers (BT 1995) by **Balmain**; sunglasses (BT 1995) by **Balmain**; Shoes by **Gianni Versace** shirt (BT 1995) and tie (BT 1995) by **Ermenegildo Zegna**; shoes (BT 1995) by **Gianni Versace**; tie (BT 1995) by **Balmain**

[illegible][illegible]

11 - suit: Jilber (2010) and trousers (2010) by Loro Piana
(2010) by J. M. Weston
Opposite: Jacket (2010) and trousers (2010)
by Salvatore Ferragamo, belt
(2010) by Burberry Pringle, shirt
(2010) by Oscar de la Renta

For other information see page 102
Produced by Steve Krizan for
Santoro Productions, Studio for Endy
Frensch, Grooming by Vito Sato
Hair for Jilber Agency



SOCK IT TO HIM

By Eric
KONIGSBERG

How did JACK SOCK, a twenty-four-year-old native of Nebraska, become the future of AMERICAN TENNIS? It starts with an OTHERWORLDLY FOREHAND.

Is it something in the water? Or those broad plains of the Great Plains, where sunbaking is ending, where wind—"where the sun would stand still in period bags," in the words of Daniel Foster Wallace, "neat as earnest ball would blow clear to the centermost line, interrupting play on the best several courts?"

What can be said without equivocation is that Nebraska, not normally considered a hotbed of tennis lions (Wallace, though he was redefining the state grip rap, had Thomas on his mind when he wrote the novel), has given the state's pre-teen star two of the finest players of this youngish century. The first was Andy Roddick, who reached the last American to achieve the number one spot in the Association of Tennis Professionals world rankings (for three months in late 2003 and early 2004).

And the second? That's twenty-four-year-old Lincoln native Jack Sock, who summed the muscle of the next great American hope number ten years by winning two ATP tournaments (in New Zealand and Florida) and rising to high number thirteen in the world.

"It is awesome. How many players can say they're the best in their country? That it's not a goal I ever thought about," Sock says. "Tennis is a global game, and plenty of us have been—Yanks named Connors, McEnroe, Renshaw, Agostini, and Courier—out the bar, coach together. The goal for the top American isn't the top twenty—it's top ten, top five, number one in the world."

That's a tall order, but his playing is good. The Big Four who've dominated the game for the past decade—Ruger, Federer,

Rafael Nadal, Novak Djokovic, and Andy Murray—"aren't winning as regularly as they used to," Sock says. "It just takes one all-out to break through, and suddenly, I hope it's me."

Self-belief is the aspect that has taken some getting used to: "I can count on one hand and maybe a couple of fingers on another the number of players I'll keep in touch with after my playing career is over," he says, next to fellow Americans John Isner and Donald Young and Australian upstart Nick Kyrgios. "Everyone's friendly, but in the end of the day, we're all trying to beat each other."

Sock grew up a Roddick fan ("being from Nebraska, it was hard not to be, plus I liked the Roddick Pigeon and knew what the Backstreet Boys meant to"), although, like his hero, he developed his game mostly away from the Cornhusker State. When he was ten, his parents found a coach three hours from home. Every weekend, his mother drove Sock and his older brother, Eric, to a motel in Overland Park, Kansas, so that the boys could play in clinics.

"We alternated private lessons each weekend, then moved back to school the next morning," he says. Then, perhaps, makes Nebraska something like the Velvet Underground of tennis origins: Not many people played there, but a significant percentage of those who did moved away, developed an otherworldly but explosive

shot somewhere else, and went on to win the US Open (Roddick did, in 2004; and Sock is 2011).

Roddick's game-changing weapon was his serve, once clocked at the record speed of 155 miles per hour. If Sock contrasted was major titles, his forehand is what will get him there. Christopher Clancy of *The New York Times* described it as "one of the most remarkable shots in the game: a wicked, whipping stroke hit with rock-on microwave-wire grip that it just might be enjoying full nuke toward nukes." That stroke he swung the racket with his right hand positioned so far

over to the right that, at the point of contact, his elbow leads the way and the racket head cracks over the ball at an awkwardly peak. That, it turns, generates a degree of topspin perhaps not achieved by anyone else the great Nadal.

Sock took a set from Nadal in the second set of the 2011 French Open and then had him send him in the quarter-finals in Beijing later that year before succumbing. "Against Rafael Nadal or Novak, it's about going over that introduction, believing you deserve a chance to take them out," he says. "Represent is a standard bar."

Especially when it comes to experience under

triangles over top-ten players who are also in the successful generation: Ben Nielsen at Indian Wells in March, Dominic Thiem at the Paris Masters last November, Milos Raonic in Shanghai the previous month, and Martin Cilic at the 2016 US Open.

He's earned his biggest headlines so far for victories in men's doubles and mixed doubles, winning Wimbledon in the former in 2014, with Connors's Victor Pečovnik and the US Open in the latter in 2014, with countryman Melanie Cudin. He also brought home two Olympic medals from Rio last summer: the bronze in men's doubles (with Steve Johnson) and the gold in mixed (with Bethanie Mattek-Sands).

"The coach part was walking into the cafeteria at the American village with my racket on, and able to come up to the left and right," Sock says. "For me, it's a tough game, so I've got to be a good team and to represent the country, so I'll be in the mix."



This page: Sockier by Todd Spangler & Christopher Elliott for *WIRE*; Opposite: Polo shirt by Rag & Bone; Inset: by Ralph Lauren

SCREEN SHOT

Earlier this year, dozens of active-duty male Marines were caught uploading to a private Facebook page thousands of explicit photos of female Marines. It was, as one observer said, "WEAPONIZED" SEXUAL HARASSMENT and it has become one of the biggest scandals to rock the military in years. So **WHY** has **NO ONE** been held **ACCOUNTABLE**?

by ELLIOT
ACKERMAN

Illustration by
RYAN MELGAR



One morning this past February, a female active-duty Marine was standing in line at CPT, a two-room supply warehouse at Camp Lejeune. It was a little past six o'clock, and the weather outside was clear and pretty typical of winter in the sand dunes of coastal North Carolina. The woman—call her Judy—was thinking about a new car. She'd come to CPT to collect her standard issue of combat equipment.

While Judy stood among the rows of cracked body armor, Kevlar helmets, and camouflage lifting pads, an infantryman named Benjamin McDonald, who was standing a few places behind her in line, pulled out his phone and started unapologetically taking her photograph. McDonald didn't know Judy, but he didn't begin his first posting, the postures in a full-rate Facebook group called Marines United.

"Standing in line behind her at CPT," he wrote. "She's got a car." Within days of that first post, dozens of members of Marines United joined as, "Stable or game like she has elevated," was posted. Others suggested sexual acts: "FUTURIST" was posted. "And homicide. And treason. And love. Both of these. Video is though... for science." Another suggested McDonald to "take her out back and pound her ass." Several members of the Facebook group suggested Judy, and some said that she belonged there.

"Who on the range with her white back, pink eyebrows?" Herpless took request—her closet acquaintance—liked the thread.

As they advanced through the line, McDonald continued to milk Judy, showing photos and giving them to Marines United. Only thirty minutes after his initial request, a photo showing Judy topless was posted to the Facebook thread. The picture had clearly been taken by a female, someone she had trusted. But not approximately an hour later, a woman offering advice about

the topless photograph was greeted by some members of Marines United with applause ("Come girl, girl"), while others seemed surprised ("Wow a really worked...") Still others offered condescending advice ("Some of you guys are creepy as fuck").

Theresa Coleman, a thirty-one-year-old investigative journalist and former Marine, was diagnosed last year with breast cancer. She had been teaching Marines United, waiting at the group, which had been organized as a suicide prevention and support network for veterans, was transformed into a forum for revenge porn. In the course of her reporting, she discovered that members of the all-male group had crowd-

sourced thousands of images of hundreds of naked servicewomen. The pictures included selfies, creepshots, and intimate photos. Like the pictures at the heart of the cybersex-photo scandal in Afghanistan and Rumsfeld, the images were being passed without their subjects' knowledge or consent. Here, however, they were being deployed to individual women in the Marines Corps.

Brennan's story about Marines United, which he published in March, revealed one of the most significant scandals the Corps has faced in a decade. When we met at his house earlier this year, he told me that he had seen collections of naked female service members on solitary-armed Facebook pages before. But the scale and sophistication of the Marines United collection were unlike anything he'd ever seen before. "What made this different was the volume of photographs and the details: names, ranks, duty stations," he said. "They were posting the stuff."

When Brennan first posted Marines United in early 2016, most of the postings were benign: a few dirty Marines taking down left at nearby stations to find a woman, or a woman offering advice about

what to get the group. He told me, to get the most out of these stories, he was waiting for The War Horse, a military news blog post that he recently founded.

On January 30 of this year, he was scrolling through his Facebook feed on his phone when he came across a link posted to Marines United by an account that belonged to Joseph Bunde, who identified himself as a former Marine. "Here you go, you dirty fucker," the post said. "This is just the tip of the iceberg. There is more coming."

When Brennan clicked the link, he was greeted with the Google Drive folder containing thousands of images of naked women from every branch of the military. The photographs were ordered by name, which meant that the Google Drive was effectively a searchable index of naked women. Bunde, the owner of Bunde's, a music studio that he had posted the photographs to the Google Drive on the link to Facebook. He said he was shocked he had been asked to do so, and declined to comment on such details of the incident.

Brennan's collection of the hundreds of files and comments that followed the link to the Google

Drive, arrived at his computer posts that encouraged others to add to the collection. What Brennan found in the Google Drive folder was a collection of thousands of images of naked women from every branch of the military. The photographs were ordered by name, which meant that the Google Drive was effectively a searchable index of naked women. Bunde, the owner of Bunde's, a music studio that he had posted the photographs to the Google Drive on the link to Facebook. He said he was shocked he had been asked to do so, and declined to comment on such details of the incident.

By February 1, the Marine Corps had cascaded in getting the link to the Google Drive and the Facebook posts on the Marines United thread deleted. In an

email, Carpenter expressed several senior field grade and general officers on the situation. He wrote that he had regretted not being involved with the campaign that employed, through a subcontractor, a member of Marines United. He also noted that the group remained active on Facebook, and that the of finding threads had been deleted before he could gather "enough information about the group or group members to link individuals to the group to investigate actions."

The following day, Brennan asked Bunde of the Corps was investigating the situation. To his surprise, she said no.

Bunde's boss, at the Camp Lejeune, a thirty-minute drive from the first post of Camp Lejeune, where he was stationed

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he stood staring at his phone. He needed to tell Michaels what he'd almost done. "I would like a long time trying to call her," Brennan said. Eventually he succumbed to the nerve. Once he explained everything, the fireweed silent until Michaels said, "You're another chance to find purpose."

After his suicide attempt, Brennan quit his job as a lumberman and found a position closer to home, near Jacksonville, Fla. When, at Michaels's urging, he left for North Carolina in 2011 to attend Columbia, he was made house to Jacksonville after finishing his master's degree and turned his full attention to The War Horse.

In February of this year, nothing long after he discovered the cache of Marines' Goated photographs, Brennan called Anne Hilt, an adjunct professor at Columbia. Hilt had supported those who'd been in The War Horse, even agreeing to serve as its editor, and now she encouraged him to write about the photos. "This was a source of disbelief," Hilt told me. "He wanted vindication that what he was seeing was, in fact, very wrong. But his first instinct wasn't to write about it. That's like a lie about him to the tribe."

Next, too, encouraged him to write about the photos. "The name I talked to [Brennan]," Brennan told me, "the more I could hear frustration in his voice." He recalled Brennan telling him, "There are only so many upper barriers to do the right thing."

Early on, Brennan is said to make contact with the victims. "You don't have to say anything," he promised. "Just listen." As the day and night unfolded, a filter who had served in the Corps for decades told Brennan that he already knew her photos had been posted. She thanked him and asked to be left alone.

National Commission, a term Brennan used. "I was not even involved in the case," she was assured. She was the one who

he showed signs of interest in, perhaps but only at a trial and not a trial. "Someone who was not involved in the case," she was assured. She was the one who

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"Marine leadership seemed more concerned with KILLING THE STORY as opposed to striking at the root of the problem," Brennan says.



ANNE HILT
Director of the first Livin' It! film. Her approach to the story was to go to the source and let the Marines speak for themselves.

the emotion, over-evoing in our minds." Through his reporting, Brennan had compiled thousands of photos and stories of four-year Marines who had shared photos through the Google Drive and Marines Goated. Three quarters of the participants were or had been noncommissioned officers, and many were in the middle of their careers. Brennan's approach was to go to the source and let the Marines speak for themselves. Brennan's approach was to go to the source and let the Marines speak for themselves.

While Brennan worked on his story, he continued to monitor Marines Goated. He was working

at his teacher center on February 16 when he saw the photo of Brennan's Goated. Brennan was working at his teacher center on February 16 when he saw the photo of Brennan's Goated.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY
 CHRISTOPHE
 MEINDORF

STYLING BY MATTHEW
 HANSEN

'GLENURQUHART'?

C
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Y

YEAH, NEITHER COULD WE.* BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW
 GLEN PLAID'S FULL, ORIGINAL SCOTTISH NAME TO APPRECIATE
 THE SUTLE APPEAL OF THIS CLASSIC CHECK PATTERN. AND MODERN
 VARIATIONS IN A RANGE OF RICH FABRICS GIVE YOU PLENTY
 OF WAYS TO EXPRESS YOURSELF THIS FALL.

*It's pronounced glen-ur-khart. We went to Scotland to ask.



This year: Coat (\$1,400) by Margaret Howell and (\$2,500) by Ralph Lauren; sweater (\$1,200) by Brunello Magli; shirt (\$150) by B. Reagle; trousers (\$275) by J. Crew; shoes (\$1,200) by J. Crew and (\$1,200) by J. Crew.

Country Living: The photo shoot is mostly in the style of the 1970s, characterized by the use of natural materials and a warm, earthy color palette.

[illegible]

For more information on
any page 100 Greening
by Lee Mudd visit
GreenAgg.org using #420

City Siftok – do not share your contact information online.



THE MASOCHIST'S MARATHON



SINCE 1986, THE WORLD'S TOP ULTRARUNNERS HAVE FOUGHT TO COMPETE IN THE BARKLEY MARATHONS—AN EVER-SHIFTING RACE DESIGNED BY A MADMAN TO BREAK THEIR SPIRITS THAT RUNS THROUGH 100 MILES OF HELLISH APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS, UNMARKEO TRAILS, AND SNAKE-ROOLED WILDERNESS. SO FAR, ONLY FOURTEEN PEOPLE HAVE EVER COMPLETED IT.
BY GEORGE PENDLE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXIS BERG

• **A woman begging** on the side of a Tennessee canyon. He's crumpled on the ground, his clothes are soaking wet, and he's sweating like mad. His wife says as she looks over him, her hands resting softly on his arms. Above them stands a beautiful view of a wide, beautiful bay and a more out-of-control storm.

"I got all my pages!" shouts the man on the ground. His voice is shrill, hysterical. "I dropped down the wrong side of the mountain in the fog. I had to swim a river!" He grins for his wife. "I got all my pages!"

A small group of volunteers cover their mouths and stare. They look from the broken man on the ground to the unmovable face of the bearded figure looming over him.

"He got all his pages!" repeats a voice in the crowd. "He got all his pages!"

3

THE BARKLEY MARATHON Thirty hours after the start of the Barkley Marathon, a runner is exhausted. (Barkley Marathon is a 100-mile ultramarathon in the Appalachian Mountains.)

August 2017 **ENQUIRE** 91

John McENROE

Former world tennis champion, commentator, and author of the new memoir *But Seriously*, by, interviewed by Alex Babb in New York

I peaked at twenty-five. Thirty-six is when I realized, "What a mess, something's wrong with my life!" I lost my number-one ranking and began a slow but steady downward spiral professionally. But I'd like to think that now, at fifty-eight years of age, that I'm as much better person to appreciate what happened, what to keep going, and what hope fully will happen in the future while not taking it for granted. When the career story thing came along, people were like, "Wow, you're better at commentary than you are at tennis!" What? Are you kidding me?

"I was the number-one player in the world. I had taken the game to another level. But there was an emptiness to it."



His career has ended

BREAK POINT
John McEnroe and Andy at Wimbledon in 1984.

I like to play tennis more now than I did when I was the number-one player in the world. At that particular moment, in 1964, I felt like I had taken the game to another level, but there was an emptiness to it. [Rings bell] Problem is, it's not about doing it for money or glory, it's about doing it for love. I respect that. It's amazing how much he actually loves the game.

It's a challenge to put focus on one thing. The repetition of it, the pressure, the way you grow up. Look at Rafael Nadal. That guy's definitely one of the top five. At what level, greatest players ever level? But he'll take a pass

conference and it would be like he never rose anything. At my own academy, I respect the idea of being able to blow off steam playing other sports. That way, kids have an emotional outlet—If they lose, they can feel like they've lost together and it's not all on them.

If that's perceived means the difference between being in the final of Wimbledon and winning, you would understand someone willing to have a second life, like I have. Look, I feel I'm a person. You have to say, "No, thank you" to some of the perks that come your way to keep that focus. I wasn't

able to do that myself, but I respect it. My goal was to have it both ways. If you can be full of focus and get some of these perks—you know, forget the rest at Wimbledon, let's go on tour with the money—I'd take that one. Thank God it was a decision and I'm like, "Why did I do that?" We can leave the money, including myself. You can call it Big money. Maybe some part of me felt like I was going too big for my brother in retirement, so I thought it was a bad way of handling myself. But you make these decisions, and you keep trying to learn from them. That's all you can do. Because you don't change what happened forty years ago, or twenty—or ten, for that matter.

When I grew up, at my age, I was a die-hard fan. So my way of dealing with winning to cry, with this feeling of emotions, would be to look out or across—the best defense was good offense. There were many times where I knew I was going to win. Oh, my God, you just made the situation worse for yourself—and that's not what you're doing, feeling like a crowd of 15,000. I would be dwelling on the 100 people that would be getting more respect to the 14,000 that were respectful or positive. They'd go, "Mac's a beast!" And I'd say, "Score point!" They were taken aback that I would even speak to them. It was an addition, like looking at the camera. I really didn't want to do it, yet I found myself saying, "I'm a coach producer, shall we say?" But I was afraid I'd lose my edge.

Being your concentration, my main argument was how good you are in how good you are in. I was always nervous of [Rings bell] Big's complete and utter control. He didn't show any emotion at all. I could be getting through a practice session without getting agitated. I played yesterday and I was frustrated, and I'll play today and I'll be frustrated. Every time you play, you're frustrated.

My wife [the musician Patty Smyth] has an emblem on her car that says "I'm sorry, because everyone says that I'm the best, but I'm the one calling her down."

**ADVENTURE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.
BLACK IS HOW YOU DRINK IT.**

JIM BEAM BLACK - WORLD'S HIGHEST RATED BOURBON.

MAKE HISTORY

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